

WHY pay money for fancy boxes when what you really want is high-grade cigarettes?

FATIMA; the Turkish-blend cigarette. "No Gold Tips, but finest quality"—20 for 15c.

"Distinctively Individual"

If you cannot secure Fatima Cigarettes from your dealer, we will be pleased to send you three packages postpaid on receipt of 50c. Address Fatima Dept., 212 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Loggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Dept. A, Minneapolis, Minn.

Biggest Talker in the British House. Mr. Lloyd George, the chancellor of the exchequer, is the greatest talker in the British parliament.

The chancellor spoke 170 columns of "Hansard," while the prime minister comes sixth down the list with 108 columns. The member who asked the most questions was Mr. Fred Hall of Dulwich, who put 359.

In one sort of contest Mr. Will Hall is easily beaten by Mr. Will Thorne, the Socialist. The ordinary rate of speaking is 100 to 150 words a minute. Mr. Will Thorne puts his questions to the government at the rate of about six hundred words a minute. Mr. Hall cannot do better than a mere 450 words a minute.

Seizing the Advantage.

"What are you boys making such a racket down there for?"

"Why, we're two big nations gone to war."

"But what are you both pummeling poor little Freddy for?"

"Oh, he's a neutral so he can't fight."

No News.

"Did you ask little Jimmy Wombat about the fight over at his house the other night?"

"Yes."

"And what did you get out of him?"

"Not very much. His mother is evidently an exceedingly strict censor."—Judge.

Up-to-the-Minute.

"He has a modern ballroom in every way."

"That so?"

"Yes. The smoking room has been enlarged three times to accommodate the husbands who don't dance the new steps."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Watchful Waiting."

"What are we to do for fashions, if the war in France continues?"

"Wear as little as we can, and wait."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Methuselah had a grudge against his wives, perhaps, and kept on living to beat them out of the insurance.

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well-boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—Is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers

The Gifts That Failed

By
GEORGE ADE

(Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

MR. SIDNEY PAYSON was full of the bitterness of Christmas-tide. Mr. Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He seldom put the seal of approval on any human undertaking. It was a matter of pride with him that he never failed to find the sinister motive for the act which other people applauded. Some of his pious friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who indicated that it might be bile.

Think of the seething wrath and the sense of humiliation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas presents was the most conventional thing that anyone could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of Christmas presents carried with it some testimony of affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any display of affection as one of the crude symptoms of barbarous taste.

If he could have assembled his relatives at a Christmas gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheaply idiotic as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being carried along. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly wished that he could hang crepe on every Christmas tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson hated his task and he was puzzled by it. After wandering through two stores and looking in at 20 windows he had been unable to make one selection. It seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were singularly and uniformly inappropriate. The custom of giving was a farce in itself, and the storekeepers had done what they could to make it a sickening travesty.

"I'll go ahead and buy a lot of things at haphazard," he said to himself. "I don't care a hang whether they are appropriate or not."

At that moment he had an inspiration. It was an inspiration which could have come to no one except Mr. Sidney Payson. It promised a speedy



"I'll Take Them."

end to shopping hardships. It guaranteed him a Christmas to his own liking.

He was bound by family custom to buy Christmas presents for his relatives. He had promised his sister that he would remember every one in the list. But he was under no obligation to give presents which would be welcome. Why not give to each of his relatives some present which would be entirely useless, inappropriate and superfluous? It would serve them right for involving him in the childish performances of the Christmas season. It would be a burlesque on the whole consensuality of Christmas giving.

Mr. Sidney Payson went into the first department store and found himself at the book counter.

"Have you any work which would be suitable for an elderly gentleman of studious habits and deep religious convictions?" he asked.

"We have here the works of Plautus Josephus in two volumes," replied the young woman.

"All right, I'll take them," he said. "I want them for my nephew Fred. He likes Indian stories."

The salesgirl looked at him wonderingly.

"Now, then, I want a love story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Ruskin club and writes essays about Buddhism. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Sir Hector Something-or-Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and heaving bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you can possibly get."

"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. "It is called 'Virgie's Betrothal; or The Stranger at Birchwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Sybil Beauclerc."

"If it's what it sounds to be, it's just what I want," said Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here in the store like it?"

"Yes; Miss Simmons, in the handkerchief-box department, says it's just grand."

"Ha! All right, I'll take it."

He felt his happiness rising as he went through the store. The joy shone in his face as he stood at the skate counter.

"I have a brother who is forty-six years old and rather fat," he said to the salesman. "I don't suppose he's been on the ice in twenty-five years. He wears a No 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him."

A few minutes later he stood at the silk counter.

"What are those things?" he asked, pointing to some gayly colored silks folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."

"Well, if you've got one that has all the colors of the rainbow in it, I'll take it. I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'unobtrusive elegance.' I think she'd rather die than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and noisiest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering.

Mr. Payson's sister's husband is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a buckhorn corkscrew.

There was one more present to buy. "Let me see," said Mr. Payson. "What is there that could be of no earthly use to a girl of six years old?"

Even as he spoke his eye fell on a sign: "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I don't believe she would care for cravats," he said. "I guess I'll buy some for her."

He saw a box of cravats marked "25 cents each."

"Why are those so cheap?" he asked.

"Well, to tell the truth, they're out of style."

"That's good. I want eight of them—oh, any eight will do. I want them for a small niece of mine—a little girl about six years old."

Without indicating the least surprise, the salesman wrapped up the cravats.

Letters received by Mr. Sidney Payson in acknowledgment of his Christmas presents:

"Dear Brother: Pardon me for not having acknowledged the receipt of your Christmas present. The fact is that since the skates came I have been devoting so much of my time to the re-acquiring of one of my early accomplishments that I have not had much time for writing. I wish I could express to you the delight I felt when I opened the box and saw that you had sent me a pair of skates. It was just as if you had said to me: 'Will, my boy, some people may think you are getting on in years, but I know that you're not.' I suddenly remembered that the presents which I have been receiving for several Christmases were intended for an old man. I have received easy-chairs, slippers, mufflers, smoking-jackets, and the like. When I received the pair of skates from you I felt that twenty years had been lifted from my shoulders. How in the world did you ever happen to think of them? Did you really believe that my skating days were not over? Well, they're not. I went to the pond in the park on Christmas day and worked at it for two hours and I had a lot of fun. My ankles were rather weak and I fell down twice, but without hurting myself, managed to go through the motions, and before I left I skated with a peach of a pretty girl. Well, Sid, I owe this renewal of my youth to you. Thank you many times, and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM.

"Dear Brother: The secret is out. I suspected it all the time. It is needless for you to offer denial. Sometimes when you have acted the cynic I have almost believed that you were sincere, but each time I have been relieved to observe something in you which told me that underneath your assumed indifference there was a genial current of the romantic sentiment of the youth and the lover. How can I be in doubt after receiving a little book—a love story?

"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have always been the soul of thoughtfulness, especially to those of us who underdressed you. I must, however, confess that I expected you to do the deadly conventional thing and send me something heavy and serious. I knew it would be a book. All of my friends send me books. That's what

comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that my whole life to be overshadowed by the giants of the kingdom of letters. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabody or Mrs. Hutchens, there are times when I like to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned love story. You are a bachelor, Sidney, and as for me, I have long since ceased to blush at the casual mention of 'old maid.' It was not for us to know the bitter-sweet experiences of courtship and marriage, and you will remember that we have sometimes pitted the headlong infatuation of sweethearts, and have felt rather superior in our freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we chose to be perfectly candid with each other, I dare say that both of us would con-



It Would Be Useless to Dwell Upon the Reflections of Mr. Sidney Payson.

fess to having known something about that which men call love. We might confess that we had felt its subtle influence, at times and places, and with a stirring uneasiness, as one detects a draft. We might go so far as to admit that sometimes we pause in our lonely lives and wonder what might have been, and whether it would not have been better after all. I am afraid that I am writing this like a sentimental school girl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has come to me as a message from you. Is it not really a confession, Sidney? You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

"GERTRUDE."

"Dear Brother: Greetings to you from the happiest household in town, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Uncle Sidney. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you learn that Roman colors had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not be trusted to select anything for a woman, but it is a libel, a base libel, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most beautiful thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlor, and it is the envy of every one who has been in today. A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a stroke of genius to think of anything so appropriate and yet so much out of the ordinary."

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chaffing-dish party after prayer meeting, and I asked John to open a bottle of olives for me. Well he broke the small blade of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get downtown again, I'm going to buy a corkscrew.' Fortunately he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found a use for it, as it happened that he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning."

"As for Fred's lovely books—thank goodness you didn't send him any more story books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The Josephus ought to help him in the study of his Sunday school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morning."

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doll quilt? She insists that she did not, but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wants pieces of silk above anything else in the world? Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner some Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the box we had sent over to your hotel, but we will try to make up the difference in heart-felt gratitude. Don't forget—any Sunday. Your loving sister,

KATHERINE."

It would be useless to dwell upon the reflections of Mr. Sidney Payson after he received these letters.

Told at the Card Club.

"A little girl sitting next me in church was coughing," said Mrs. Jones at the card club. "Se I whispered to her mother for permission to slip her a cough drop. The child held it in her mouth a moment and then swallowed it."

"Would you kindly give her another?" the mother whispered.

"I'm sorry, but I had only the one," I answered.

"Coming out of church I felt in my pocket and was horrified to find out the cough drop. You see, I had had a cough drop and a button in my pocket."

"And what did you do?" chorused the women at the table. "Did you tell her mother?"

"No, I didn't. I was mad. It was a very unusual button from my new suit."

On the Trail of Friend Husband.

Mrs. Fury—Has yo' seed anything o' muh husband, Brudder Lopp?

The Night Owl—W'y, howdy, Sistah Fury; howdy! Nomo, I isn't seed him since 'long 'bout ten o'clock. But what brings yo' downtown at dis time o' night?

Mrs. Fury—Lookin' for dat man o' mine. And I hopes to de Lawd nuthin' happens to him befo' I finds him, uh-kaze I's gwine to bust his head wid dis club when I katches him!—Kansas City Star.

For Itching, Burning Skins.

Bathe freely the affected surface with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation and apply Cuticura Ointment with finger or hand. This treatment affords immediate relief, permits rest and sleep and points to speedy healing in most cases of eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations of the skin and scalp of infants, children and adults. Free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book if you wish. Address post-card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A Comparison.

"These goes the Widow Blym. She's been married three times and she's still as pretty as a picture."

"That shows the superiority of a woman over an automobile."

"In what respect?"

"After a car has changed hands two or three times it's a sight to behold."

A Doubtful Frame of Mind.

"Do you believe in unpreparedness for war as a powerful influence for peace?"

"I'm not sure about that," replied Senator Sorghum. "I can't see any evidence to the effect that no monarchy would have the heart to shoot up an unarmed nation."

Weeks' Break-Up-A-Cold Tablets.

A guaranteed remedy for Colds and La Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist. It's good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

Reversible.

Stella—I take my husband along to help choose a hat.

Bella—I take a hat along to help choose a husband.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Remedy for Red, Itchy, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting, Just Easy Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

It isn't always love that makes a man attentive to his wife. Maybe he is afraid of her.

HOWARD E. BURTON ASSAYER AND CHEMIST

Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, Bi Gold, Silver, 5c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, 8c. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Leadville, Colo., Ref. Carbonate Nat. Bank.

"SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS"

Have them think you are visiting Colorado. We write your messages on postcard view cards and mail them. 5c each, 5 for 25c (no stamps). R. F. Foss, N.Y., N.Y., Ill., Texas.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 51-1914.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Sulphate of Soda -
Syrup of Marshmallows -
Syrup of Gum Arabic -
Syrup of Cloves -
Syrup of Ginger -
Syrup of Licorice -
Syrup of Peppermint -
Syrup of Rose -
Syrup of Vanilla -
Syrup of Wintergreen -
Syrup of Ylang-Ylang

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper



Are Your Kidneys Weak?

Do you know that deaths from kidney troubles are 100,000 a year in the U.S. alone? That deaths from kidney diseases have increased 72% in 20 years? If you are run down, losing weight, nervous, "blue" and rheumatic, if you have backache, sharp pains when stooping, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, act quickly, if you would avoid the serious kidney troubles. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. There's no other medicine so widely used, so successful or so highly recommended.

A Utah Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

R. E. King, 24 South 1st East St., American Fork, Utah, says: "For seven or eight years I had attacks of kidney complaint. It was hard on me to straighten after stooping, my back got so lame. Doan's Kidney Pills were just what I needed and three boxes improved my condition in every way. Since then I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills off and on and they alone are responsible for my continued freedom from the complaint."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



It Would Be Useless to Dwell Upon the Reflections of Mr. Sidney Payson.

Like Bread on Water.

He—I gave a poor man a dollar yesterday and told him to come around and let me know how he was getting on.

She—That was good of you; like casting your bread upon the waters.

He—Yes, something like that. Anyway, he came back this morning "soaked."—Boston Transcript.

A Misanthropic Reader.

"I don't believe more than half of what I see in print," said the incredulous man.

"Trying to be on the safe side?"

"Yes. And even at that, I generally pick the wrong half."

Speaking of angels in disguise—but what business has an angel to wear a disguise?

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brentwood

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A perfect preparation of purest oils to condition hair, for restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

HOWARD E. BURTON ASSAYER AND CHEMIST

Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, Bi Gold, Silver, 5c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, 8c. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Leadville, Colo., Ref. Carbonate Nat. Bank.

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